

Mr. Ricci

Things arrive for Mr. Ricci late,
Among them his most consequential date,
Which takes the form of an obliging teller,
Ringleted and giggling, from the bank.
Pink champagne comes bubbling from the cellar;
He proposes, and her face goes blank.

Mr. Ricci buys a sky-blue Ford;
The dealer almost weeps to see it go;
Mr. Ricci drives his bargain hard;
Then he hears a rattle down below.

Mr. Ricci's job is a promotion;
Mr. Ricci's house is on a street;
Mr. Ricci tires of Baby Ricci;
Opens all the windows, wasting heat;

Wakes in clutches of seductions that
He somehow missed, and somehow kept on missing;
Finds a crumpled pillow in the role
Of that young hip whose pocket he was kissing.

Mr. Ricci has been mostly good,
And yet could easily be damned to hell
For total selfishness and petty theft,
And living lies he thought that time would tell.

Mr. Ricci, finally profound
Has bought the farm and settled underground,
A lasting wish elusive on his lips;
In place of fire, he's opted for the stone.
At least now I have steady dates, he quips,
And then goes back to being all alone.

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